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Batman depended
on this wonder
boy who was his
greatest ally.

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murder of his parents,
helped him to strike
terror in the hearts
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AND THIRTEEN OTHER FEATURES

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

सदः समतः सन्तः सम्यक् सन्तः सर्वज्ञानमयम् ।

सर्वविद्या सर्वविद्या सर्वविद्या सन्तः सन्तः ॥

Sadash samatash santash samyak santash sarvajnanamayam

Sarvavidyash sarvavidyash sarvavidyash santash santash

A journey is possible only step by step, a quilt is made stitch by stitch, a hill is climbed step by step, knowledge and wealth are acquired bit by bit. These five things can happen only gradually.

— Subhasisaratnabhandagarani



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according to law.



FAREWELL AND WELCOME

With this issue ends *The Legend of the Golden Valley* — the fairytale novella that kept you company for fourteen months. The present writer leaves the Golden Valley desolate and forlorn — but not without some hope. Let us expect better times when it will be possible to give further account of the valley — when it will be a golden valley in spirit too.

While bidding goodbye to Raju and all the other characters of the Golden Valley, we welcome to our fold Raghu the Outlaw!

Welcoming an outlaw? It sounds odd, doesn't it? But Raghu is an outlaw with a difference. He was a legend in the eastern India — an Indian Robinhood who went to the rescue of the oppressed — though branded an outlaw. A highly gifted artist, Sisir Dutta, draws for you the exciting episodes from Raghu's life. Look for the exclusive picture-story (in comic form) beginning from the next issue.



In Search of Kubla Khan's Fleet

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure—decree:
Where Alph, the sacred
river, ran
Through caverns measureless
to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Coleridge: Kubla Khan

But Kubla Khan did many more things. In 1281 he packed 150,000 soldiers into 1000 boats and sent them on an expedition to conquer Japan. A fierce battle was fought. Suddenly a terrible typhoon wreaked havoc in the Chinese camp and sank their fleet.

Exactly 700 years after that incident, search has now begun off the Japanese island of Tokushima to pick the treasure lying 25 metres down the blue waters, under the direction of Prof. Torai Mozai. Impressive relics have begun to emerge!



Phantom in the Wilderness

"He was about seven feet tall. His jaws jutted out and he had protruding lips. His front teeth were as broad as a horse's. His eyes were black. His whole face, except for the nose and ears, was covered with short hairs. He had big hands with fingers about six inches long. His feet were each about twelve inches long and half that broad."

No, not a character from a fairytale or a description of some abominable creature that lived long ago. This creature was seen by a Chinese commune leader, Peng Genshang. They met in a forest.

The fog-shrouded primeval forests in Central China are traditionally believed to have strange "Wild men". Scientists, after investigation, are in favour of accepting this as true.



Become a Land-lord on Mercury

Do you wish to own a 19,000-acre estate for only fifty dollars, or a 56,000-acre ranch for thirty? Seriously!

You may apply to Astronomic Society of the Pacific, San Francisco. They will receive the money with thanks and will give you the little deed in your property. Besides, you will get a photograph of the planet (taken by Mariner 10) identifying your property.

From some areas of Mercury you see two sunrises and two sunsets a day — for Mercury's peculiar rotation round the sun.

But the problem is while the temperature at sunrise is chilly, (-361.4 degrees Fahrenheit), by noon it grows hot enough (800.6 Fahrenheit) to melt lead!



Blessing from the Blue!

A bolt from the blue can be a blessing—occasionally.

Lightning can kill men, or do much damage. Edwin R. Robinson was flattened by a bolt 20 minutes later when he recovered in senses, he found his hearing (he had been almost deaf for years) restored fully and his eye-sight (it had been very bad) good. What is more, after being dead for 35 years, he now sports a headful of thick hair.



THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY

—By Manoj Das

(Story so far: In the Golden Valley an earthquake revealed a mysterious golden statue. The young Raju was sent in search of a secret that would breathe life into it. The king of the Golden Valley, anxious to marry the beautiful maiden that the statue would become when it comes to life, fell a prey to the contrivance of a false wizard who cleverly imprisoned the king in a cave and passed himself off as the king. Raju, after a series of adventures, is back.)

14: A FLOOD OF GOLD

Raju who had dissolved himself in the Land of the Holy Dragon, wishing to be near the statue, found himself under a bright moon. It took him a minute to recognise the place. Behind him was the flowing cascade that he had crossed at the start of his journey into the unknown.

A cuckoo trilled overhead. Raju looked up. A shiver of joy passed through him instantly. He was close to the rock on which stood the golden statue. He climbed the rock and greeted the statue. A sigh escaped him when he took the magic ring off his finger. The statue was expected to come to life as soon as he would adorn her with the ring, but what thereafter? He cannot dream of marrying her as he had not obtained a boon for that. But

once she comes to life, what would be her future? How can she escape the covetous king?

But the urge to see her alive proved irresistible. His heart ran faster as he went closer to the statue.

He took out the ring and slipped it onto a finger of the image. A string of lightning seemed to dazzle the statue. Next moment its limbs moved. She stepped down from her pedestal and smiled at Raju.

Raju stood dazed for a moment. Nothing in his life he had known that was sweeter than the maiden's smile, yet the smile was so familiar!

Then she spoke.

And her sweet voice too sounded so familiar! But Raju surely had a far greater reason to feel surprised! For she said,

LOOK!
HANUMAN HAS A
WRIST WATCH!

**CHANDAMAMA
DICTIONARY OF
SELECT WORDS
AND PHRASES**

ANACHRONISM (N):
Something that is not
keeping with time

THIS IS ANACHRONISM!

ANACOLUTHIA (N):
Defect in sentence
construction when the
letter part does not
grammatically fit the
earlier

SIR,
TOMORROW
MORNING I BROUGHT
YOU SCISSORS
TO SHORTEN
~~YOUR~~ ~~WORDS~~

SHUT UP!
FIRST CORRECT YOUR
ANACOLUTHIA!

"I'VE JUST
DISCOVERED THAT
AN ANAGRAM OF
FUNERAL IS
REAL FUN!"

ANAGRAM(N): A word or
phrase formed by the
letters of another word or
phrase arranged in a
different order.

ASK YOUR TEACHER
THE MEANING BUT I REPEAT,
THERE IS AN ANALOGY
BETWEEN YOU AND MAN'S
ANCESTORS!



ANALOGY (N) A
resemblance in certain
respect between two
things that are otherwise
different

ANECDOTE (N): A brief
story-like narration of an
incident, generally of
private life



THIS IS
THE FUTURE
OF MY NAME?
O, GOD!



ANTELOPE (N): Once it
meant a fabulous, fierce
horned beast. Since 17th
century it means any kind
of deer.

"So, we are married at last!"

"Married?" Raju could not speak a word

"Aren't we? My ring had slipped onto your finger. Now you slipped my ring on my finger. Doesn't this complete the ritual?"

There was a strange naturalness in the maiden's voice. Raju was left in no doubt that she meant what she said.

So, this is how the boon which he could not ask of the deity was to be fulfilled! It was so unexpected!

"I am naturally surprised over many things. One of them is, you remind me of a princess I knew. She belonged to a supernatural world," said Raju.

"The princess whom you taught how to and who disappeared before your eyes!"

"True, but how did you know?"

"If a statue came to life, the life must have come into it from somewhere. Isn't that so? Well, it is that princess who is in me!"

"How delighted I am!" cried out Raju.

"And you will remember who you are once you inhale the fragrance of this lotus," said the princess, handing out the lotus



she held to Raju.

The gold lotus had turned into a real one. Its fragrance was divine. Raju smelled it. Instantly he was as though transported into a remote past. The vision of a lovely castle on a hill — of a prince engrossed in carving an image out of a block of gold — flashed before his inner eyes. For a moment he felt no difference between himself and the prince. He understood that it was he who had created the beautiful statue.

"Let's not tarry here. Perhaps you do not know what the wizard — who passes himself off as the king — was going



do. The deposed king — who lies a prisoner in the cave yonder — at least tried to breathe life into me in order to marry me. But the false king planned to uproot the statue and melt it for gold. His soldiers are guarding every point of approach to this place."

Raju and the princess walked away. Soon they were on a high peak overlooking the valley. They sat quietly while the darkness thinned away and the eastern horizon glowed with a golden aura.

"How fascinating is this earth!" exclaimed the princess. "Indeed!"

They heard a hullabaloo before Raju had said anything more.

Soldiers thronged the pedestal on which, only a moment ago, stood the statue. "Where is the statue?" — was the question everyone asked the others. They were as agitated as hunted wolves.

Soon the wizard donning the royal garb reached the spot. He was shrieking and gesticulating. "I'll put all the guards to death!" He yelled at the peak of his cracking voice. He ran like a whipped horse in this direction and that. Then his gaze got fixed on the cave inside which the king remained.

"He — the king — must have stolen it away!" he shouted, quite forgetting the fact that nobody knew about his having imprisoned the king. His companions looked bewildered.

He rushed at the cave and commanded his soldiers to break the wall inside. They did so and dragged the king out.

The king, emaciated and bearded, looked like a ghost. But before anybody knew what he was up to, he pounced upon the wizard. He snatched the dagger from the wizard's belt. The nervous wizard took

backward step. The king gave out a blood-curdling laugh and brought the dagger down ■ him.

It ■ the desperate act of a man who had been awfully betrayed. The royal bodyguards advanced upon the king. But the king hollered at them. His voice startled all. He then called his ministers and courtiers by their names ■ commanded each of them to bring ■ the best food he could!

They recognised their beloved king's voice and his mind in the fellow who looked like a hungry hyena.

The courtiers showed great eagerness ■ kick the wizard's corpse. The chief minister got busy making them ■ in a queue for facilitating their doing so, one by one.

"Kick up gold, you fools, instead of kicking that useless stuff. There is a lake of molten gold under the rock on which stood the statue. I saw it through a tunnel while in the cave. Come on, begin digging it. But mind you, all the gold is mine. In ■ course I'll distribute spoonfuls of it ■ you. Don't you keep looking at ■ with mouths agape—swallowing all the breeze of my valley. Get



on ■ work and get me ludoost!" bellowed the king.

Men who had come ready to uproot the statue struck the rock with their shovels and crowbars.

There was a thundering sound. The rock went up at the speed of a shooting star and split into a thousand pieces amidst the clouds. From the hole it left emerged a golden fountain. ■ rose high, in the shape of a mushroom, and then came crashing down in a blinding shower. At first amazed at ■ magnificence, the people gave out piteous cries the moment the fountain touched them. It was

molten gold, but deadly hot. Some of them grabbed at it, but were grabbed by it and met with a horrible death.

The king, the minister, the courtiers, and the soldiers tried to escape. But the fountain was growing bigger, the flow was growing fiercer and speedier, spreading in all directions. In a minute or two all of them were buried under it.

Below the hills the people of the Golden Valley saw the fascinating but dangerous flow heading towards the plains. They ran helter skelter calling upon all to flee for their lives.

From the hilltop Raju and the princess saw thousands of people running away, pursued by the molten gold.

The fountain continued to gurgle forth till the sun rose high. Soon all was quiet. Even

the birds seemed too stupefied to twitter.

"The Golden Valley is now a desolate land," said the princess.

"You said that the earth is a charming place. But how unfortunate is man! He makes it so inhospitable for himself!" lamented Raju as he heaved a sigh. Then, looking at the princess, he asked in a bewildered tone, "What now? Where do we go? What do we do?"

"Into that forest on the horizon we go. We sit there for a *tapasya* — a *tapasya* that is to continue for ages perhaps — until the earth has seen better human beings," said the princess.

They smiled at each other. There was sadness in their smiles, but faith too.

THE END





LEGENDS

INDIA

TWO MOST WONDERFUL CREATURES

In a forest a apple tree. It was teeming with fruit. A crow hopped from branch to branch ate the delicious fruit to its heart's content. From morning to time it ate with satisfaction.

A jackal who always looked at the tree with yearning eyes thought, "I can never climb the tree. Will it not be possible for me to have a few apples through the courtesy of the crow?"

He ambled about for a while around the tree and said loudly, "I wonder who the bird on the tree is. It looks as beautiful as a peacock; it sings as sweetly as the cuckoo!"



The crow heard this and, of course, was delighted. "I'm the crow!" it cawed out. "Surely you look like a prince among the lions!" it told the jackal.

"I am not sure if I do. But you have a pair of noble eyes. No wonder that I look to you like that," commented the jackal.

"Your eyes are no less noble. And, your voice too is so sweet!" said the crow. It then asked courteously, "Would you mind joining me in a feast of rose-apples?"

The crow then dropped a few fruit. The jackal ate them happily and said, "Dear crow, this earth is hardly the right place

for you. You deserve to live in paradise!"

"Dear Jackal, I wonder why the animals of the forest don't elect you their monarch. Surely you are the most beautiful and the wisest of them all!" said the crow.

The spirit of the tree who heard the dialogue thought, "This exchange of lies is a mutual flattery is a much." It was growing dark. The tree assumed a fearful shape. Its branches shook and bent towards the jackal. It emitted a hissing sound.

The crow flew away and the jackal ran away in panic.



WAYS ARE THE WAYS OF AND CROWS!

Once upon a time there was a rich man who had a son. The man had earned his wealth through hard labour. He was kind and dutiful to all.

His son, however, was not as prudent as he. The young man was in bad company. The rich man felt that the boy's companions would never stop exploiting him. The boy was too weak to safeguard his wealth from their covetous designs on it.

But what could he do? He was not keeping well. When he knew that it was time for him to die, he told his son privately, "My boy, do not squander away my hard-earned money. Do not fall into the trap of flatterers. I

am leaving enough property for you to live comfortably if you live cautiously."

After a sigh, the old man said again, "I'm dying. If ever a time comes when you find yourself utterly miserable, then open the door to the farthest east of this house. You will find a solution to your problem."

The rich man died soon thereafter. At once a host of flatterers began crowding round the young man. Their words were pleasing that the young man did whatever they wanted him to do. There were feasts, excursions and dances and drinking bouts. The young man's false friends were not satisfied with





"I must try to live," he decided. He went out to the bazar and sold his turban. He bought some milk and a lump of loaf and retired to a lonely place.

■ placed the milk and the loaf on a stone and went near a well for water. A stray dog ran away with the loaf. A crow flew down and thrust its beak into the milk.

The poor young man burst into ■■■. He ■■ dying with hunger. However, ■ managed to reach a friend and told ■■ what had happened.

"Don't you spin yarns! Don't tell me that a dog and a crow were waiting to deprive you of your food! You have spent your money foolishly and are now lying ■ me!" thundered the friend.

The young man ■■ another friend and yet another. Their response was not different.

The young man returned home. "There is no more hope for me," he thought. He then entered the ■■■■ again, determined ■ hang himself.

In order to try the rope as advised ■ the note, he gave it a hard pull. At ■■ ■ bag hidden under ■ plaster on the beam fell down.

Surprised, the young man

that much. They began stealing from his house.

In two years the young man found himself reduced to a pauper! His friends left him ■ promptly as they had gathered round him.

One day he opened the east-■■ room. He hoped to find a treasure. ■■ what he found shocked him. A rope hung from the beam. A scrap of paper was tied to its end. It read: "If you are utterly miserable and do not have the strength to make a fresh attempt at living, then you may hang yourself. But before that pull the rope and see if it is strong enough."

opened it. It contained much gold and a note: "You were ready to die. Take your old life as finished. Now you can begin a new life, getting over your old habits."

The young man now wept with joy and gratefulness. He buried the gold and spent only a bit of it to buy himself food and new clothes. He invested some money in business. Soon he prospered through hard work.

His friends began showing themselves up again. They smiled affably and flattered him.

One day he told those three friends whom he had approached for help: "Something rather unusual happened. Would you believe? We had a door made of stone. Our dog

ate it up. We had a steel sword. A crow carried it away."

"Who would not believe when it happened to you? Indeed, dogs and crows are not to be trusted any more! Strange are their ways," commented the friends.

The young man smiled "No my friends, the ways of dogs and crows are not strange. Strange are the ways of men. When I was a pauper, a dog eating up a loaf and a crow defiling milk were considered lies. Now that I am rich, a dog eating up stone and a crow stealing away a sword are facts!" he said.

The three false friends hung their heads. They never showed up again. The young man was happy to get rid of them.



THE GREAT

A hermit was descending from a hillock. It was dark. He saw someone passing through the forest. He understood that the passer-by was not a human being.

"Who are you? Where are you going?" asked the hermit.

"Holy man! You ought to be able to recognise me. I'm a servant of the God of Death!" replied the passer-by.

"Have you come to meet me?" asked the hermit.

"Oh no, I'm going to the locality. An epidemic is about to befall the area and a thousand men and women are to die," he said.

A month passed. The epidemic wrought havoc in the locality. Five thousand people died.

One day the hermit, seated on a rock, saw the servant of Death climbing the hill.

"Hello, where are you going?" asked the hermit.

"Going back to my abode. My work is over."

"I'm afraid, you did more work than necessary. You said that only a thousand were to die. But my information is, five thousand died," observed the hermit.

"The fact is, the epidemic I brought took only a thousand lives. The other four thousand died just out of panic!" replied the servant of Death.





The Lion Meets The Lion

A century ago there was a wrestler named Jagatvir in the court of the ruler of Mahipur. His laughter sounded like a lion's roar. He was like a giant.

He was very fond of challenging other wrestlers to try their strength against him. He defeated all. Most of those who wrestled with him took to bed. He injured their limbs.

Jagatvir grew very proud of his fame. He misbehaved with the villagers. Sometimes he would enter a shop and take away eatables without caring to pay the shop-keeper. All were afraid of him. That is why he had his way.

One day, an old woman, out to sell oranges, was taking rest

under a tree. Jagatvir picked up oranges one after another and ate them. He finished a dozen and then walked away.

"You forgot to pay the price, my son," the old woman reminded him.

"Here it is," said Jagatvir and he gave a kick to the woman's basket. The oranges got scattered.

"My son, what are you showing your strength to me? I wish you showed it to Pratapsingh of my village!" commented the old woman.

"What do you say? Pratapsingh of your village? Who that creature is?" Jagatvir asked with scorn.

"He is no ordinary creature



but a lion among men."

"Don't speak nonsense. I'm called the lion among men. I never heard of another lion!" said Jagatvir angrily.

"You never heard of him because ■ does not care to be known. Nor does he go about harassing helpless people." The old woman said ■ she took to the road.

Jagatvir immediately developed a grudge against Pratapsingh. He was sure that there was nobody in Mahipur who was a match for him. ■ fact that the old woman thought so high of Pratap Singh worried him.

He ran behind the old woman and learnt the ■ of her village. It was rather far, situated in the frontier of the state.

Next day he reached Pratapsingh's village. He got off his horse-drawn carriage and asked an old man, "You fellow, where is Pratapsingh?"

"He must be in his fields," said the old man pointing his stick in a certain direction. He hardly looked ■ Jagatvir.

Jagatvir felt insulted because the old man did not look awestruck at his appearance.

"Who do you think I am?" Jagatvir demanded.

"The old man straightened up, surveyed Jagatvir and said, "Well, I thought you must be a human being. On closer scrutiny too I see that you are a human being."

The old man went away. Jagatvir grumbled, saying to himself, "I see, all the people of this village are impudent!"

He soon reached Pratapsingh's fields and met a young man. "Are you Pratapsingh?" he asked.

"No. I'm his younger brother. Can I help you? I'm sure, you're Jagatvir!"

"Right. I wish to see how strong a wrestler your brother

is," said Jagatvir and he suddenly broke down a huge branch of a tree.

"You're welcome! My brother should be back late in the afternoon. Be good to be our guest," said Pratapsingh's younger brother, without taking any notice of what Jagatvir had done! He took Jagatvir home and asked his mother to prepare lunch for both.

At lunch Jagatvir found the rice only half-boiled. But before he could complain about it, his host said, "I'm sure, you like this! Only those who cannot chew properly ask for fully boiled rice!"

Jagatvir had to eat silently.

"Mother! bring some mustard oil for mixing with the rice!" called out Pratapsingh's brother.

His mother, instead of bring-

ing oil, brought a potful of raw mustard seeds.

"Come on, let us crush oil out of it!" said the host. He took some seeds in his grip and crushed them. Oil dripped on his rice.

Jagatvir tried to do the same, but no oil came out however hard he pressed the seeds.

"Any difficulty?" asked the host. He then took Jagatvir's hand in his grip and pressed it. Oil came out all right, but Jagatvir cried out in pain, as the bones of his hand seemed to be reduced to dust!

"What's the matter?" asked the host.

"I forgot that I have an important appointment in the court. I cried out when I remembered that. Let me hurry back," said Jagatvir.

He disappeared.



TWO GENTLEMEN

In the city of Narsingpur many cases of thefts were reported within a year. The king studied the cases and saw that [redacted] thefts occurred simultaneously at two different places. He concluded that there were two expert thieves at work.

He did [redacted] disclose his finding. He announced: "There is a thief who is proving a menace. If one can give information leading to [redacted] capture, one would receive a reward of ten thousand rupees."

The two thieves were Jabbar Singh [redacted] Phalta Rao. They were jealous of each other. Jabbar Singh donned the dress of a gentleman and went to the [redacted]. A guard informed the king that a gentleman sought a meeting with him [redacted] tell him about the thief.

A minute later another guard reported that another gentleman wanted to see the king regarding the thief. Needless to say, the second man was Phalta Rao.

The king asked both [redacted] gentlemen [redacted] be brought [redacted].

As [redacted] [redacted] Jabbar Singh and Phalta Rao saw each other, both cried out, showing each other, "There! He is the thief!"

Both were taken prisoner.



Call of the **Wild**

A cool but pleasant night in a small town in Scotland. A dim light is **■** through the glass panes on the window.

There is a shriek. It is a male voice. A dog whines. It does not bark because it knows its master's voice.

"Sleep on, dear, sleep on," a soothing female voice follows.

"I'm sorry to disturb you and probably some neighbours too," says the male voice.

Silence returns.

If any of the neighbours were

at all disturbed, they did not mind it. They understood the untold hardship the man who shrieked had gone through in life. There was nothing unusual in his experiencing nightmares.

He was Mungo Park, the explorer of the great river Niger in West Africa.

In the 18th century very little was known to the West about the large African continent. Mungo Park was among the early heroes to brave into the strange world.





Born in 1771 in Scotland and a physician by training, Park was sent to trace the source of the river Niger by the African Association, an organisation of scientists. In 1795 he sailed from Portsmouth into the interiors of Gambia. Only two Africans were his companions. The common Africans, belonging to various tribes, were friendly. The danger came from their chiefs. They were suspicious of any outsider. A white ■■■ had been brutally murdered by one of them not long before.

Park rode on. He tried to please the first chief he met, the King of Bondu, by making a gift

of a colourful umbrella. The chief liked the gift, but his eyes were fixed ■■ Park's fine coat. "That thick stuff you are wearing should look more beautiful ■■ a king like me," ■■ asserted.

Park had no other go but to surrender his precious coat. The chief smiled and let him pass through his territory.

But one chief's smile caused the next chief to frown. The news of the King of Bondu receiving two gifts reached the King of Kajaga who arrested Park and demanded of him all the clothings he had. Luckily for him, another chief, a relatively powerful king, snatched him from the officials of Kajaga and let him pass after taking from him only half of his clothings!

■■■ the worst misfortune met him when he was passing through Ludamar. The king of the territory captured him and threw him into a dungeon. He was chained. His two local companions were beaten up and driven away.

Park lay alone for days, in a hut, suffering the awfully hot African summer. Ants and insects crawled onto his body and ate up bits of his flesh. Crowds gathered before his dungeon regularly to poke fun at him.

Park was down with high fever. There was no question of receiving any medical attention. All he got for food was a lump of boiled corn a day.

One day, out of sheer despair, Park struggled with his chain and broke away. He was thirsty. He looked here and there, and at last found a well. A villager was drawing water. Park dragged himself to the well and begged for a little water. The man was about to oblige him when he understood that Park had been the king's prisoner. He emptied his bucket in Park's face. Park stooped and drank from it until two cows thrust their

mouths into it. He had to withdraw.

The king believed that Park was sure to die of exhaustion. The king did not want a foreigner to die in his prison. The king let him go away.

A lesser man in Park's condition, would have sought his way back home. But Park will not know defeat. Alone he continued in his journey in search of the river Niger. While crossing a desert, he fell off his horse. He would have died, but a heavy shower revived him. He got onto his horse again.

He saw a caravan and joined



it. At last, on the 21st of July, 1796, he stood on the bank of the Niger. His mission had been successful.

He studied the course of the river and the flora and fauna of the region. His studies were of great help to explorers who came after him and to geographical knowledge in general.

His return journey was no less eventful. He walked hundreds of miles on foot. He was looted of his meagre belongings and fell sick. A slave-trader gave him shelter for six months. At last, on the Christmas Day, 1797, he was back in London!

The account of his adventures became widely known. The brave explorer now needed rest and care. He married and settled down at Foulshiels in Scotland. He began his practice as a physician.

Four years later the British Government offered him the leadership of a well-organised expedition into Africa. Irresistible was the call of the wild. Park accepted the offer.

His party included a number of experts and soldiers. But it failed to accomplish what he had done alone. Attacks from hostile tribes and sickness killed many of the members. He was proceeding by boat with his last three companions when the boat got struck between two submerged rocks. The local people began shooting arrows at the helpless party. The four had to abandon the boat and plunge in the stream. Only one of them — a native companion — came ashore. It was he who narrated afterwards the tragic end of the great explorer.





There was a landlord who had a maid-servant, Kaluhamy by name. The landlord and his wife loved Kaluhamy very much. She guarded their house well and never allowed undesirable people to come near it.

But, as luck would have it, she died all of a sudden.

A beggar who was afraid of visiting the house because of Kaluhamy one day approached the landlord's wife for alms. He had lately recovered from an illness and looked a stranger.

"Where are you coming from?" asked the landlord's wife, unable to recognise him.

"From the other world,

A Folktale from Sri Lanka

WHAT A CHANCE!

madam!" replied the beggar, meaning to say that he had almost been dead.

"Is that so?" asked the naive lady who thought that the fellow was from the world of the dead. "Did you by any chance meet our dear departed Kaluhamy there?"

The beggar instantly guessed the situation. "Madam, what a chance! Not only I met, but also we married!" he said.

"How happy I am to learn





this! Now, dear boy, her clothes and ornaments are lying with me. Will you mind carrying them to her?" asked the anxious lady.

"I'll love to carry them ■ her, madam! It will ■ serving both you and her!"

The lady put Kaluhamy's valuable belongings into a bag and handed it over to the beggar. Also she entertained the fellow to a delicious dish.

The happy beggar left her. Soon thereafter the landlord ■ turned home. He heard from his wife an account of her meeting Kaluhamy's husband from the other world. He knew how she

had been duped!

He jumped onto his horse and took the road the beggar had taken. When the beggar saw the landlord pursuing him he ran. When ■ was to be overtaken, he climbed a tree.

The landlord tied his horse to the tree ■ climbed it too. When ■ was about to take hold of the beggar, the fellow jumped down, rode the horse, and galloped away.

The helpless landlord shouted, "Well, son-in-law, tell our Kaluhamy that the clothes and ornaments are from my wife, but the horse ■ a gift from me!"

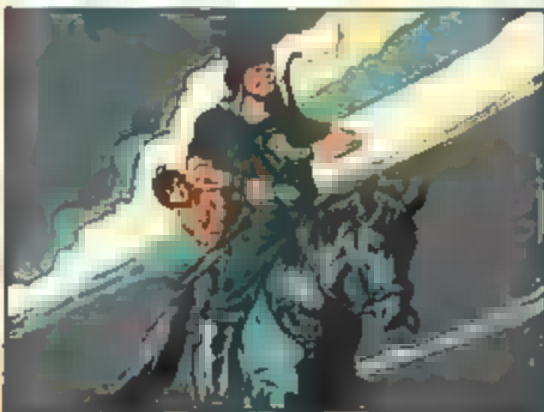




THE BOY WHO A LADY BECOMES THE MONARCH

It happened in Turkey. A little boy was playing with the grown-up slaves of the important people, caravans of merchandise from Delhi and by the boy's playmate sold the boy to them. Turned into a slave, the boy was compelled to join the caravan.

In a faraway, slave-market the boy attracted the attention of a man who bought him. This man was a devoted slave of Muhammad Ghori. After Ghori's death, he became the ruler of Delhi and was known as Kutubuddin Aibak.



The boy named Kutub-ud-din, called the slave's slave-craft, saved his master Aibak, when the latter was attacked by a would-be assassin. This endeared Kutub to Aibak. In due course Kutub married Aibak's daughter.



After Abak's death there was chaos in the kingdom. Itutmish ascended the throne and defeated Taju'd-din, the ruler of Ghazni and many other Aqsa who defied him. Then he settled down to consolidate his rule.

It was Itutmish who completed the famous Qutb Minaret of Delhi in about A.D. 1205. It is a monument in the shape of a Minaret or tower. It is supposed to have been built on the tomb of a Muslim religious leader, Qutub-ud-din, which was already there.



Itutmish, however, did something unexpected. Instead of choosing one of his sons as his successor, he chose his daughter Raziya. Raziya was a very wayward and headstrong girl, but Raziya was intelligent and dutiful.

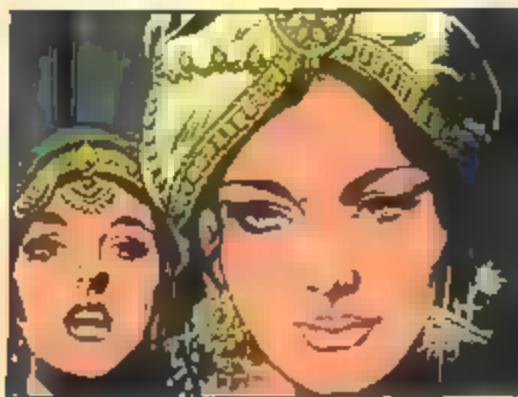
Alutmis was far ahead of his time. The Amirs and courtiers were not ready to accept a lady as the monarch. As soon as Alutmis died they told Razia in the uncertain terms that the throne was not for her.



The nobles chose Razia's step-brother Rukn-ud-din as the Sultan. He was a reckless fellow. Overjoyed, he got drunk, rode on an elephant, and went into the bazaar and flung coins at the crowd. The people understood what sort of Sultan they had got.

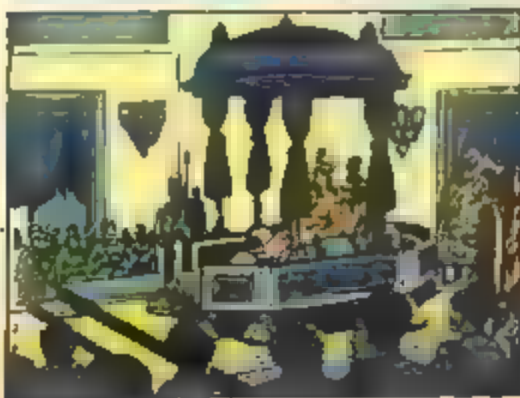
Rukn-ud-din's mother, Shah Turkah, one of the wives of Alutmis, was a cruel woman. While her son spent his time merry-making, she became practically the ruler. She imprisoned and tortured the other wives of Alutmis and killed some of them.





She blinded a succession of rulers who was the only formidable young man in the dynasty, and later her nephew killed Shah Turkhan, planning to put an end to Razia. Razia heard of her plan, but did not know what to do.

The misdeeds of Shah Turkhan and the recklessness of her son, Rukn-ud-din, soon roused public wrath against them. Even the nobles who supported them kept quiet out of fear. Shah Turkhan was taken prisoner, her son was deposed and later killed.



There was nobody capable of restoring peace and discipline excepting Razia. The people knew her late father's will. They asked her to ascend the throne. The nobles had to give their support to her in that situation. Thus Razia became Sultana Razia, the monarch of Delhi.

THE HOLI

On the day preceding the full-moon night in the Indian month of *Phalgun* the festival of Holi is observed — marked by a gay abandon, a riot of colour, singing and dancing. This year the festive day falls in early March.

The desire of the human beings to come close to ■■■ another finds a free expression on this occasion. Groups of jolly ■■■ and women hunt out their friends and relatives and sprinkle colour water on them ■■■

smear them with colour powder.

Even strangers are not spared, as crowds armed with colours move about singing, as they do around Delhi, *Bura na mano, Holi hai! Rang Virangi Holi hai!* ("Don't take it amiss, for it is Holi — the colourful Holi!")

Here are two of the most widely prevailing legends about the Holi:—

Hiranyakashyipu, the demon-king, was notorious for his hatred of Vishnu. He made all the members of his family, his courtiers, and his subjects give up their allegiance to Vishnu, but his young son, Prahlad, continued to be an ardent de-



voice of Vishnu.

When the demon-king [redacted] in his efforts to convert Prahlad to his line of thought, he decided to destroy him. Now, the demon-king had a sister named Holka. She had got a boon as a result of which fire could not harm her as long as she had no wicked thoughts in her mind. At the demon-king's suggestion, she sat, holding Prahlad on her lap. A terrible fire was made to engulf her. All were sure that the prince had perished.

When the fire subsided, it was found that Holka had been reduced to ashes while the little prince sat as smart as ever. It was because Holka had wicked

thoughts in her mind and Prahlad concentrated on Vishnu.

The Holi is believed to celebrate this — the end of the wicked and the glorification of the good.

The other legend concerns Krishna. Kamsa, the cruel King of Mathura, was to meet his [redacted] in the hands of Krishna — according to a prophecy. Kamsa asked a demoness named Putana to kill the infant Krishna. Putana feigned love for the infant and began suckling him. Krishna sucked life out of her. The Holi, according to the legend, celebrates this first-ever feat of the divine infant.





Drama in the Jungle

Raghu Sarkar lived in a village ■ miles away from ■ town. Between the town and the village there was a jungle.

Raghu Sarkar had come ■ the town. His work took longer than expected. It ■ evening when he was ready to return to his village.

He hired a coach. It was night when the coach passed through the forest.

The coachman suddenly pulled the reins of his horse and stopped.

"What happened?" asked Sarkar.

"I don't understand how a log came to obstruct the road," said the coachman.

"Now you understand how!" said a hoarse voice. Sarkar looked with fear. The stranger wore a mask and held a dagger

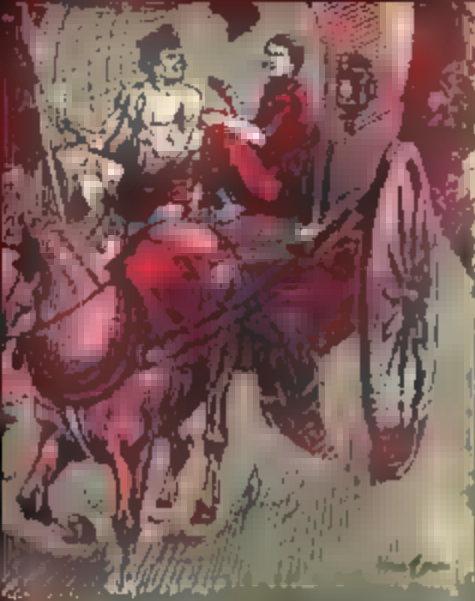
"Give all you have or you die!" he threatened.

Sarkar gave away his money ■ clothes he had purchased. The coachman was not spared. The bandit took away his bag.

After the bandit left, the coachman removed the log and resumed driving. But he wailed, saying, "My bad luck! I had kept five hundred rupees in my bag. My saving over ten years. All is gone. How to perform my daughter's marriage next week?"

Raghu Sarkar was a kind-hearted man. On reaching his home he gave the coachman five hundred rupees.

Sarkar narrated the episode to his friend, Vikash Roy, a retired Police Officer. Roy lived ■ the town and he intended



visiting his friend.

"Do not travel at night," Sarkar told Roy.

Roy smiled.

It was evening when Roy hired a coach for Sarkar's village. When the coach was passing through the forest, a log was seen lying on the road. The coachman stopped. A bandit sprang up and demanded all the valuables the passenger and the coachman had.

"What do you have in the packet?" the bandit asked after taking away their money.

"Only some sweets for my children!" replied Roy.

"Good. I'm hungry and I'm

fond of sweets too," said the bandit ■ he lifted the packet and ran away.

"Sir! I'm crushed! My bag contained five hundred rupees—collected for my daughter's marriage!" wailed ■ the coachman.

"You will be avenged. In ■ time the bandit will die!" said Roy.

"How?" asked the coachman anxiously.

"The sweet I was carrying was not for my children. They were prepared with deadly poison—for rats!" calmly replied Roy.

The coachman jumped out of the vehicle. "Poison! Poison! Don't eat those sweets, my son!" he shrieked out and ran. Roy followed him.

The coachman entered a hut that was nearby. His son, the bandit, had already swallowed up some sweets.

"What will happen, sir? Will he survive this?" asked the coachman.

"He might, ■ he visits ■ physician. Let him come with us!" said Roy.

The panicky young fellow got into the cart. Roy reached his friend's house in an hour.

"Hope, you ■ no trouble ■ the forest!" asked Sarkar. Look






ing at the coachman, he asked again, "Hello, old friend, how did your daughter's marriage go?"



Roy laughed and reported to him the drama in the forest. "I had remembered the description of the coachman. I chose him for the trip, deliberately," he said.

They detained the coachman here. The son went back and brought whatever he had taken from Sarkar and Roy.

"We leave you this time. But the moment we hear of another burglary in the forest, you two will be caught first by the police. There was no poison in the sweets. You are safe," said Roy.

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IT IS HIGH TIME TO ASPIRE FOR PEACE!





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. Showers came down from time ■ time. Eerie laughter of ghosts subdued the howl of jackals. Flashes of lightning revealed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the old tree again and brought the corpse down. Then, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed. "O King, no doubt, you are showing this extraordinary courage for someone's benefit. But know this that courage does not receive the recognition due ■ it, always. Let me narrate an incident to you. Pay attention to it. That ought to bring you some relief."

The vampire went on:
The King of Bhoupur,

Gunapal, had a ■ named Pratap. The prince ■ two fine friends ■ Jaiverma, the ■ of the king's general, and Virkeshari, the son of the king's minister.

The three young men received their lessons from the same teachers and played and grew up together. Everybody knew that in future when Pratap becomes the king, Jaiverma and Virkeshari would become his general and minister, respectively.

One day the prince went ■ for hunting. He was accompanied by Jaiverma and Virkeshari, apart from a number of sepoy's.

The prince was so fond of hunting that he used to forget of the need for taking food, drink or rest when in the forest. That day too he worked hard to make his trip a success. He grew tired by evening.

Suddenly a tiger pounced upon him. He was least prepared for such ■ emergency. However, Jaiverma, the general's son, stepped forward and drove his spear into the tiger's chest at the nick of time and saved the prince.

The prince embraced Jaiverma and said, "You saved me!



Father will be so happy when he hears this!"

Other members of the party too congratulated Jaiverma.

The forest was growing dusky. They walked fast in order to ■ it before it was dark.

Pratap and Virkeshari walked in front of the party. Jaiverma was a little behind them, busy explaining to the sepoy's how he managed to kill the tiger.

Once more the unexpected happened. A huge bear who had been wounded earlier and ■ hiding, suddenly leaped on the prince. The prince fell flat under the growling beast. His sword was thrown off. He lay



helpless.

In the twinkle of an eye Virkeshari, the minister's son, picked up the sword and beheaded the bear.

Jaiverma came running. He congratulated Virkeshari for his prompt action and expressed his joy at the prince's escape from danger for the second time in a short while.

When the inmates of the palace and the nobility heard of the party's adventure in the forest, they congratulated both Jaiverma and Virkeshari in many glowing terms.

It was announced that the prince's Providential escape

would be celebrated in the royal court. Nobody had any doubt that both Jaiverma and Virkeshari would be rewarded by the king.

The king arrived in the court on time. After making a sweeping survey of the crowded court, he said, "You all have heard about the danger the prince faced in the forest. Virkeshari, our noble minister's son, deserves to be rewarded for his timely action in saving the prince's life."

The king presented a diamond necklace to Virkeshari.

One of the courtiers thought that the king had forgotten about the other young man. He whispered to the king, "There is also Jaiverma, my lord!"

The king cast a stern look at him and said loud enough for all to hear, "Jaiverma is pardoned this time!"

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked in a challenging tone: "O king, what is the meaning of this comment made by King Gunapal? Where is the question of his pardoning Jaiverma? By not giving any reward to Jaiverma, did he not prove ungrateful to him? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your



knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram: "There is nothing wrong or intriguing in King Gunaraj's comment or conduct. Jaiverma was the general's son. He was to succeed his father to the post of the general. According to the custom, the responsibility of safeguarding the prince vests in him as long as he is with the prince. The minister's son, Virkeshari, who was to become the minister in the future, was only expected to give the prince sensible counsel. The prompt way in which Virkeshari acted, de-

served special commendation. This kind of alertness and valour should be considered natural qualities in Jaiverma, but they are special qualities in Virkeshari.

"While Jaiverma only did his duty by coming to the prince's rescue the first time, he proved negligent in his duty the second time. That was not the time for him to fall back and gossip with the sepoys. He deserved punishment, but the king pardoned him!"

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave the slip.

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THE UNREAD MESSAGE



Long ago there lived a villager who had two she-goats. He let the goats loose in the morning. They roamed about in the green grass fields. They returned to their master in the afternoon. The villager tied them to the pillars of his hut.

One day the goats did not return as they used to do. The villager's wife was quite upset. But the villager said, "Don't you worry. Pray and leave the matter to God."

The goats returned in the evening. They gave more milk than ever. What is strange, whoever drank a little of that milk felt rejuvenated. Those who were sick got cured!

Thereafter the goats departed into the forest every day in the morning and returned only in the evening. They gave

and more milk and the milk proved extremely beneficent. Days passed.

One morning the villager followed the goats. In the thick midst of the forest he saw a cave. The goats entered the cave and the villager followed them into it.

He could not see his goats inside the cave as it was dark. Soon he heard deafening sounds and saw ugly figures making faces at him. Monstrous bats made dives at him and serpents hissed at him.

"God will protect me," he told himself and he marched on. What looked like a cave was a tunnel. A ray of light flickered at the other end. After a long and fearful journey he stepped out of the tunnel and found himself in a charming land.

The land abounded in fruits and flowers. Its air made ■■■ happy. Once ■■■ was there, one never liked to go back. The villager found his two goats romping around.

Although the villager would not like to go back to his old place, he would like ■■■ wife and neighbours to come over there — to share his happiness. He wrote down a message for them and tied it to the neck of one of his goats.

As the sun was about to set, the goats entered the tunnel on their way back to the village. The villager was ■■■ that his message would reach his wife and she, if not the others, would soon be in the blessed land.

But the situation was different in his village. His wife was worried at his disappearance. She looked for him in the forest

and wept. ■■■ she never cared to examine the goats and find the message. When a week passed and he did not return, she thought that he had been killed by bandits in the forest.

"I'll go away to my father's village. Who will buy my goats?" she asked the villagers.

But nobody in that small village was in a position to buy the goats. She had her goats killed by the village butcher, so that she could sell the meat to many.

The butcher found the message tied to one of the goats only after it had been killed. Now all were eager to go to the blessed land, but how to go? The goats that could lead them there had been killed.

The woman wept bitter tears and ■■■ did the neighbours. That is all they could do.





■ MINISTER'S WIT

Pushpapur and Chandanpur were two neighbouring kingdoms. There prevailed a friendly relation between the two.

Once Jayaketu, the King of Pushpapur, invited Simhaketu, the King of Chandanpur. Simhaketu duly arrived, but he brought with him a large army. He camped outside the city. Jayaketu did not object to this because he knew that this was Simhaketu's practice.

The two kings sat for playing chess. Jayaketu the host was a master in the art of chess-playing. He defeated Simhaketu several times. He was of the opinion that a game was a game and nobody need take any offence at being defeated in a game.

Simhaketu, however, was a proud king. He easily felt offended.

After he was defeated thrice, Simhaketu got up suddenly and said, "I must return home instantly!"

It had been too late for Jayaketu to realise how annoyed his guest had become. Simhaketu left in a huff and ordered his soldiers to plunder the city of Pushpapur. The army of Pushpapur was not prepared for such a turn of events. Simhaketu's soldiers did much damage to the city before departing.

This news reached the other kings. They felt disgusted with Simhaketu's conduct, but they kept quiet. It was because Simhaketu had a powerful

army.

One of the kings to feel disturbed about Simhaketu's attitude King Vijay of Kanakgarh. He convene a Swayamvara for his daughter's marriage. All the eligible kings to be invited. The princess to choose her bridegroom from them.

The issue was, whether Simhaketu should be invited or not. If he is not invited, he was bound to get angry and harm Kanakgarh. If he is invited but not chosen by the princess, he was bound to feel humiliated and do no less harm.

"My lord, leave the matter to me. Send Simhaketu the usual invitation," proposed King Vijay's minister.

The king had a great faith in his minister's ability. He did as advised by him.

On the eve of the Swayam- Simhaketu reached Kanakgarh — with a large army! King Vijay received him cordially, but he felt uneasy at his guest bringing an army. His spies told him that Simhaketu had instructed his army to plunder Kanakgarh at a hint from him.

The Swayamvara began. The princess was led into the hall by



her maids. She put her garland round the neck of Prince Chandrasen of Ratnapur. The assembly of princes, as expected, applauded her choice. But Simhaketu, fuming, his fists clenched.

He was about to whisper instruction to his chief bodyguard who stood behind him when King Vijay's minister began speaking.

Addressing the royal assembly, he said, "Our noble guests, are most grateful to you for your gracious participation in this function. It speaks of your high culture that you accepted the decision of our princess with-



goodwill and courtesy. However, our special thanks are due ■ King Simhaketu. Now there is no harm in our disclosing why he had come prepared with an army. Had any of our guests, out of his disappointment, acted against us, he would have come to ■ rescue. He had kept his plan ■ secret even from us, but we had this information from some special source. We ■

proud to have a friend and a well-wisher like him!"

The assembly applauded again. All looked ■ Simhaketu with appreciation. Simhaketu displayed ■ embarrassed smile and returned the greetings of others.

They all departed the same day.

King Vijay congratulated his minister for his excellent wit.

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In a remote past one of the gods to be worshipped was Twastu-Prajapati. Once, out of his supernatural power, he created a luminous being called Viswarup.

Viswarup had three heads. As he grew up, he found to be endowed with many excellent virtues.

With one of his mouths he continuously recited hymns from the Vedas. He used his second mouth for eating and drinking. With the eyes on his third head, he could see, if he so wished, the things that were to happen.

He forgot everything when he sat for meditation. Neither a

burning sun nor a heavy shower could disturb him. He remained engrossed in his meditation for years at a stretch.

Indra, the King of Gods, feared that Viswarup perhaps wished to topple him and occupy his throne. He summoned the most charming nymphs like Urvasi and Rambha and said, "Please do whatever you can to put an end to Viswarup's *tapasya*. If he is allowed to carry on with his meditation, he is sure to dethrone me."

"O King, you need not be afraid of any ambitious mortal as long as our services are available to you. There is nobody



luck that he did ■■■ curse us."

This report only added to Indra's anxiety. What if a person ■■■ who had such a commendable character aspired ■■■ his position?

Indra decided to do the needful himself. He rode his elephant, *Airavata*, and went to Viswarup's abode. Without giving ■■■ him a chance to defend himself, Indra threw his thunder at him and killed him.

Seers and hermits who came to know of this condemned Indra's action in one voice, "How can Indra escape the consequence of his gruesome action?" they asked one another.

Indra returned to heaven, but he could not be in peace. What if Viswarup comes back to life? Did not Viswarup's dead body look unusually lively? How to be ■■■ that his body had been totally drained of life? These questions disturbed him.

He called one of his lieutenants and told him, "Go and separate Viswarup's heads from his body."

"Is it not unfair to mutilate a corpse? Why should I do that? Is it not surprising that you should fear the dead?" asked the lieutenant.

"Listen to me, friend, I

who can resist our charm. In no time we can reduce Viswarup to a passionate man ■■■ will forget his meditation," said the proud nymphs.

The nymphs went down to the hill on which Viswarup lived. They sang and danced for a long time. Viswarup, who stood on one leg, lost in a particular way of penance, did not even open his eyes. After taking some rest the nymphs danced and sang again, but to no avail.

Disappointed, they returned to Indra and said, "Viswarup is a person of great character and unusual strength. We ■■■ unable to disturb him. It is our good

looked upon Viswarup as my enemy. A king must do everything to eliminate his enemies. I am afraid of Viswarup because his corpse looked lively — as if there was still life in it. That is why I want you to behead him. Don't the wise say that one ought to put a complete end to one's enemy, fire, and debt?" explained Indra.

"O King, the one whom you killed was only innocent, but also endowed with a certain spiritual power. Don't you think that you have sinned?" asked the lieutenant.

"Well, I fear my enemy more than my sin! If I have sinned, I can do penance on that account. But where do I go if I am deprived of my kingship?" said Indra.

"O King, you are fond of your position and you are unscrupulous too. That is why you have been led to act improperly. Why should I do a similar thing?" asked the lieutenant.

"Please do as I say. You won't have to regret your action. I'll see to it that you are rewarded in some way or the other," said Indra.

The lieutenant was finally influenced. He went and began cutting Viswarup's heads.



Something strange happened. From each head that was cut down a thousand birds flew away.

Indra felt happy for a while. But soon a sense of guilt overtook him. How to be free from the consequence of the heinous deed? This is the question that haunted him.

In the meanwhile the news of Viswarup's death in Indra's hands reached Twastu-Prajapati as the birds tittered about it. Agitated, he challenged the gods to explain their king's conduct.

The gods kept quiet. That disgusted him even more. He



performed a very special Yajna. Invoked by his spiritual power, out of the holy fire emerged a boy, as radiant as a flame and as strong as the thunder.

"My son, I want you to avenge Viswarup's death. Punish the killer, Indra. That alone would justify your emergence.

The boy born of the fire grew up instantly into a valiant youth. He roared out, "O my creator! Your order shall be executed!"

Twastu-Prajapati became happy. He told the new-born youth, "I want you Vritra. I want you. Become far more powerful than Indra and humble him."

Thereafter Twastu-Prajapati created a number of weapons for Vritra. At an auspicious moment Vritra went out on his mission, followed by a host of demons.

Indra heard of Vritra's expedition from messengers. "He looks like a huge mountain, O King, who is out to crush us," said one of the gods.

Bad omens were marked over the castle of Indra. Gigantic vultures and owls, never seen before, flew over the roof and even sat upon it. Distant shouts of the demons echoed against the castle walls.

Indra grew nervous. "What is the way out of the present predicament?" he asked Brihaspati, the chief of the gods.

Brihaspati replied gravely. "Well, Indra, how can you escape the consequences of your misdeed? It is no fun to kill an innocent man. Besides, Viswarup was no ordinary man, but a savant and a seeker. The law of Karma is bound to operate. Have you ever been in peace since your killing Viswarup? You cannot dream of peace untill you have paid the full price for your impulsive action. Vritra has been despatched by Twastu-Prajapati, who





genuinely agrieved at viswarup's death. You have to undergo a period of punishment."

Gods and were found running away from heaven upon learning that Vritra was approaching the region. The panicky Indra his bodyguards to the well known heroes among the gods and Aditya, asking them to get ready for a battle.

Indra requested Brihaspati to accompany him. They sat on the royal elephant and proceeded to meet the menace. They were followed by numerous gods. Vritra was advancing riding a Himalayan peak. The two par-

ties confronted each other on a valley the north of Mana Sarovar. Instantly began the battle.

The battle continued for a century. There no sign of the gods winning a victory. Some of them who fought in the forefront were seen deserting the field. Among them were Varuna, Vayu, Yama and Agni. This spread a panic among the gods. Groups of them fled the battlefield. At last Indra too did the —leaving his elephant behind.

Vritra caught hold of the abandoned elephant. That signalled the end of the battle — in Vritra's victory.

Vritra went over to Twastu-Prajapati and greeted him and said, "O Father, I took pity on the gods when they ran for their lives. I ceased to harass them. Here is Indra's elephant, the trophy won by me."

Twastu-Prajapati was happy. He said, "I am pleased with your valour. Once I can walk with my head high. But, my boy, you cannot trust Indra. He will surely look for a chance to kill or imprison you. He will take to every means. I advise you to remain ever alert. Besides, it is necessary that you



pray to Brahma and obtain a boon that would make you immortal."

Vritra went away to Mount Gandhamadan and concentrated on Brahma. Indra, as expected, sent his nymphs to disturb him, but in vain.

At last Brahma appeared before Vritra. "O Lord, grant me that I remain immune to all attacks with weapons made of metal or wood — or any such

stuff. Secondly, grant me that the more I fight, the more powerful I grow."

"Let it be so," said Brahma and he disappeared. Vritra returned to Twastu-Prajapati and reported to him ■ his success.

"Excellent. Now we can look forward to further avenging the innocent Viswarup's death in the hands of Indra," exclaimed Twastu-Prajapati.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



THE GAIN IN THE LOSS

In days gone by there lived a scholar who had many admirers. However, there was one fellow who was awfully jealous of him and disputed whatever he said.

"Every misfortune has a blessing in it, however small. Every loss has a gain hidden in it, however small," the scholar once said to a gathering of his admirers.

The jealous fellow heard it, but he found an opportunity to dispute the statement.

Years passed. The scholar, unfortunately, grew blind.

The jealous fellow one day walked up to him and asked gleefully, when there were many more to hear him, "Gentleman! One day you said that every misfortune contains a blessing and every loss contains a gain—however small. A misfortune has struck you and you have lost your vision. Where is the blessing or gain in this?"

Calmly replied the scholar, "Till a moment ago I was wondering what my blessing or gain was from this. Now I know what it is. You see, I am saved the misfortune of having to see your face!"





THE RIVALS

Champawati, the princess of Sudarbha, ■ a beauty nonpareil. Kings and princes of ■ the neighbouring ■ desired to marry her. Raichand, the ruler of Virnagar, was one among them.

Champawati's Swayamvara ■ duly announced. Suitors collected in Sudarbha. Raichand had so arranged that the princess would hear ■ praise from many quarters. He ■ hopeful that she will choose him for her bridegroom.

But, to his ■ disappointment and disgust, the princess chose Udayan, the ruler of Vijaypuri.

As it is, there was animosity between Virnagar and Vijaypuri. Raichand used to get annoyed whenever he heard Udayan's ■.

No wonder that ■

would not take Champawati's marriage with Udayan kindly. While the marital ritual was in progress, Raichand ■ heard telling his friends, "The princess must have gone crazy. Otherwise how ■ she choose a coward like Udayan for her husband?"

Udayan's friends who heard this were much agitated. As soon as the marriage ■ over Udayan pacified them and told Raichand, "You say that I am a coward. Come on, let us fight a duel."

Raichand had no courage to accept the challenge. He was ■ good at fighting. He left the place under some pretext. Back in his own kingdom, Raichand mobilised his army. He planned ■ invade Vijaypuri.

King Udayan had his spies planted in Virnagar. In ■ time

he the intelligence of Raichand's intention. He did not want a war. He wrote to Raichand, "My friend, what use we two becoming the cause of the death of thousands of our soldiers and citizens? I propose that we give up our war preparations and devote ourselves to the welfare of our people."

Raichand laughed at the letter. "Udayan is afraid of me!" he commented.

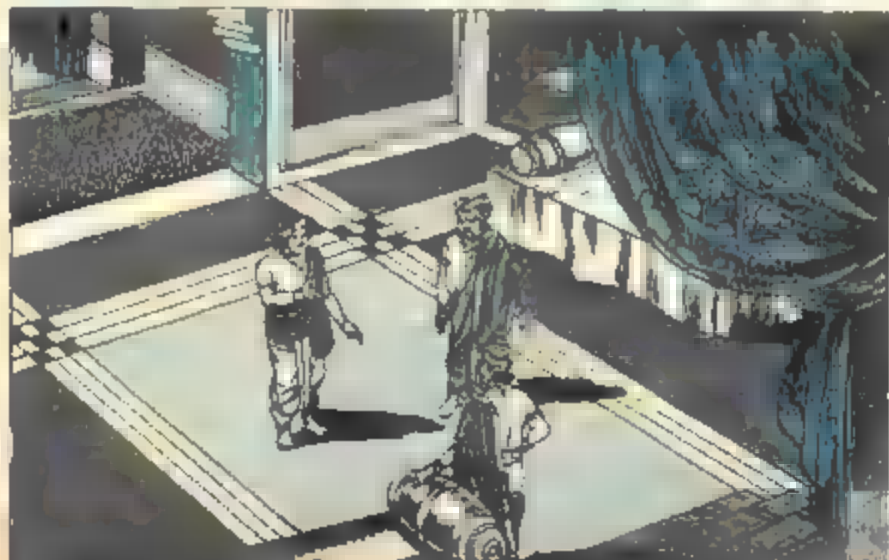
But he had a wise minister who told him, "You are mistaken, my lord. King Udayan is a highly intelligent ruler. It will not be easy for me to

defeat him. The war is bound to go on for a long time. If the conflict lingers on it is only the support of our people that sustain us. What reason is there for our people to support us? What grievance they have against Udayan? None!"

"My minister, it seems you do not want me to earn the glory of a victor!" observed Raichand gravely.

"My lord, I want you to earn the glory as a good king who loved his people," said the minister.

Raichand paid no heed to his minister's counsel. He went on with his war preparations.



One night a mysterious woman met Raichand and handed over a letter to him. She did so in secret. The letter bore the name of the Queen of Vijaypuri!

"I am sorry for my choice of Udayan. He is foolish and arrogant. I have come to you of your love for me. I am eager to see you. Can you come alone, tomorrow in the evening, to the deserted temple in the north-eastern forest between the boundaries of the two kingdoms? I can tell you a simple way to conquer Vijaypuri," said the letter. It seemed to have been signed by Champawati.

Raichand's joy knew no bounds. He waited most eagerly for the next evening. What would be the best way to greet Champawati? All his thoughts went to this question. He forgot everything else.

He did not pass a word about the letter to anybody. As it was evening he appeared near the deserted temple. At once Udayan's soldiers, hiding in the bushes, surrounded him. He was taken prisoner.

Udayan treated him with courtesy. His capture was kept a secret. Only his minister was



privately given this message: "Your king is safe—though a prisoner. Let nobody know about it. Spend the money that would have been wasted in a war for the people's welfare. Add to it the money that goes herewith."

The message from Udayan was accompanied by a crore of rupees.

The minister was sorry for his king, but he was also happy that a war had been avoided. He spent the money in a variety of useful projects. He named some of the projects after both Raichand and Udayan. The people were given

understand that Raichand had gone on a pilgrimage—after a sudden inspiration.

Nearly a year passed. One day Udayan told Raichand, "My friend nobody but your minister knows that you are in my palace. You may now return to your kingdom in disguise. Know that you cannot win a victory in a war with me. Your subjects will not support you, while I will get all the support I need from my subjects."

On his way to his town, the disguised Raichand found his own subjects praising Udayan. There was a good deal of friendly commerce between the

peoples of the two kingdoms.

The minister was very pleased to see the king back. But the king asked him, "How is it that you did not attack Vijaypuri in order to liberate me?"

"My Lord, had we attacked Vijaypuri, your life would have been endangered. You were in their hands!" replied the minister.

Raichand understood that what his minister said was true.

"My lord, you are the king because of your subjects. Is it not your duty to strive for their good? War will bring great suffering to them. You can serve your people much better





with Udayan for a friend," explained the minister.

Raichand kept quiet. He realised that Udayan could have easily conquered Virnagar after taking him prisoner. That he treated him ~~as~~ well and set him

free, spoke of his nobility.

A year later Raichand invited Udayan. Udayan responded to it immediately. He was given a warm reception. The two kingdoms prospered as ideal neighbours.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



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—Thomas Robert Dewar.

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—Charles Dickens

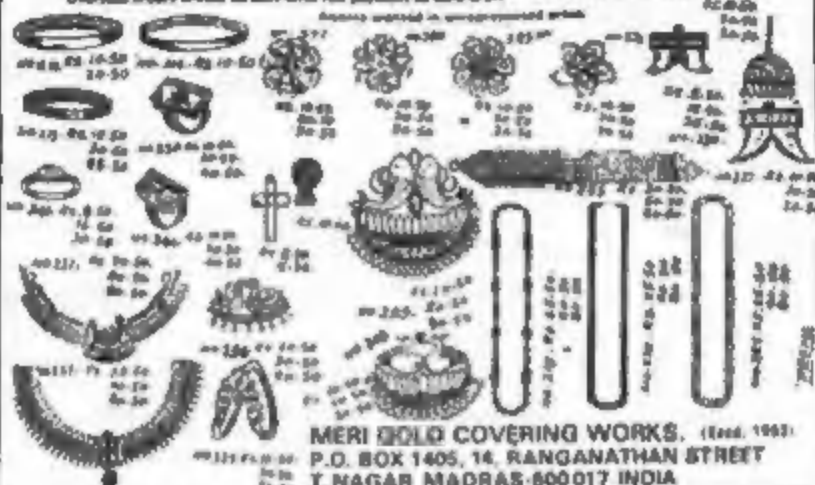
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Statement about ownership of CHANDAMAMA (English)
Rule 8 (Form VI), Newspapers (Central) Rules, 1958

- | | | |
|--|-----|---|
| 1. Place of Publication | ... | 'CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS'
133, Arcot Road
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026 |
| 2. Periodicity of Publication | ... | MONTHLY
1st of each calendar month |
| 3. Printer's Name | ... | B. V. REDDI |
| Nationality | ... | INDIAN |
| Address | ... | Pressed Promises Pvt Limited
133, Arcot Road, Vadapalani
Madras-600 026 |
| 4. Publisher's Name | ... | B. VISWANATHA REDDI |
| Nationality | ... | INDIAN |
| Address | ... | Chandamama Publications
133, Arcot Road, Vadapalani
Madras-600 026 |
| 5. Editor's Name | ... | B. NADE REDDI |
| Nationality | ... | INDIAN |
| Address | ... | 'Chandamama Buildings'
133, Arcot Road, Vadapalani
Madras-600 026 |
| 6. Name & Address of individuals who own the paper | ... | CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND
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Shriman Shrimati

4. *Journal of Management Studies*, 19, 1, 1986, 1-10.

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